

# Southwest



VOLUME XIX.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEX.

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brethren invited.  
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Hall. Regular communications on 2d Wednesday  
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to attend.  
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**HOME FROM SCHOOL.**  
Now here I am in the good old place—  
Yes, little mother, I'm here to stay.  
Let me hold your hand against my face  
And kiss both cheeks in the dear old way.  
Just look at me hard—I'm well and strong;  
Just feel my arms—they'll stand the test;  
I'll go to the kitchen where I belong;  
You go to the porch and rest.  
Now hear, little mother, you dear little mother,  
Sit under the vine and rest.  
I liked my teachers, I liked my books,  
I had my share of the pranks and fun,  
But my heart came back to the sweet home  
Nooks.  
And rested with you when the day was done,  
I used to think what you had for tea;  
Just what you were doing and how you were  
dressed.  
And somehow or other it seemed to me  
You didn't take half enough rest.  
You say little mother, you say little mother,  
I'm going to have you rest.  
Dear little mother, it brings the tears  
Whenever I think what I've let you do.  
You've planned for my pleasure years and  
years.  
It's time I planned a little for you.  
So drop that apron and smooth your hair;  
Read, visit or knit—what suits you best;  
Lean back in your chair let me your care,  
And really and truly rest.  
You hear little mother, you dear little mother,  
Just take a vacation and rest.  
—Bessie S. Hirstead in Youth's Companion.  
**The Beauty of Wrinkles.**  
And now an authority inveighs against  
steaming the face as a preventive against  
wrinkles, alleging that this is the swift-  
est and surest process by which to pro-  
duce them. "The second layer of the  
skin becomes attenuated, and there is a  
decrease in bulk of the superficial lay-  
ers," is the technical explanation which  
the laity will not understand and does  
not need to. The simple fact is suffi-  
cient. But why should wrinkles be such  
a red rag to every woman? They must  
inevitably come if one lives long enough,  
and barring the suppression of the habit  
of frowning and the avoidance of dan-  
gerous cosmetics it seems useless to fight  
them.  
Time was when we were taught that  
they were the lines of character, and  
time is when character, as shining forth  
in the expression of the face, makes the  
wrinkles forgotten. Watch the soul be-  
hind the wrinkles. Take as much care  
of that as you strive to do of the outer  
layer of cuticle, which is its external sur-  
face, and the wrinkles will be lost or  
overlooked in the serene and steady eye  
and quiet but smiling mouth. "Think  
lofty things," says a preacher, "and the  
countenance will show the thought."  
—New York Times.  
**The Natives Had Scruples.**  
Once an amusing story was told me  
by a South sea trader, writes Mrs. Rob-  
ert Louis Stevenson. He had been in the  
habit of carrying all sorts of tinned  
meats, which the natives bought with  
avidity. Each time he really saw a  
colored picture—a cow for beef, a sheep  
for mutton and a fish for sardines.  
It happened that the firm who fur-  
nished the mutton thought it a good  
plan to change their labels, that their  
goods might be more easily distinguished  
from others. The mark chosen was a  
red dragon.  
The natives came with their copra to  
trade as usual. The new tins were  
shown them, but they recoiled with hor-  
ror and gave the trader to understand  
that they had some religious in-  
struction and were not to be deluded in-  
to eating tinned devil.  
The trader was forced to eat his stock  
of mutton himself, for not a native could  
be persuaded to touch the accursed thing.  
**"More Haste, Would-Spree."**  
Of all the "tourments" I ever saw,  
one among the "daisy mads" at an agri-  
cultural show, that to associate itself with that heroic proce-  
dure which such a word suggests.  
There were about 40 of them armed with  
"climbs" and started at the same mo-  
ment to make butter against time. Each  
came provided with a watch, and the  
temptation was almost irresistible to  
turn the handle of the machine as quick-  
ly as possible. But no, better must be  
"humored," not driven. The silent list  
were filled with the provokingly delib-  
erate "dip, dip" of 40 churns. One of  
the slowest combatants won the race. I  
never realized more plainly that "most  
haste is worst speed."—Cornhill Maga-  
zine.  
**Just Like a Business Man.**  
Kunifus (in fruit store).—Which is  
correct now, "these peaches are a cent  
apiece," or "these peaches are a cent  
each?"  
Fruiterer.—Neither is right. Those  
peaches are 90 cents a dozen, or 5 cents  
if you only want but one.  
Kunifus.—That's just like you, Bald-  
win; never can sink the shop.—Boston  
Transcript.  
**Striking For a Raise.**  
"If," said Mr. Tenawek wearily as  
he came out of the proprietor's office and  
walked sadly to his place behind the  
handkerchief counter, "if an injection of  
gold will cure the liquor habit in all its  
forms, why will a similar judicious use  
of whisky or a like beverage not be a  
sure cure for heartless miserliness and  
hard fast penny?"—Boston Herald.  
**People who do not believe in dog**  
stories are really subjects for heart-  
some consideration. They have either been  
unfortunate in their canine acquaint-  
ances or have not the penetration re-  
quisite for proper interpretation of dog  
characteristics.  
It is said to cost less to send the prod-  
uct of an acre of wheat from Dakota to  
England than it does to mature an acre  
of land in England so that it can grow  
good wheat.  
Queen Victoria is superstitious about  
precious stones. She invariably wears a  
chrysoprase in one form or another  
and thinks it brings her good luck.  
A western geologist says that Kansas  
can raise wheat for another 1,000 years  
before exhausting the necessary prop-  
erty of the soil.  
Wisdom and virtue are by no means  
unobtainable without the supplemental laws  
of good breeding.

**WOMAN**  
**NEW BRANCHES**  
**QUAN CI**  
Fitting Away Sum-  
mer Over Woman's  
Unfortunate Home  
March—A Few Times  
Into the Chautauqua  
season two new branch-  
es introduced. One is the  
table, and the other  
art of letter writing.  
Many is the mis-  
tress the maid who  
to set a table or be-  
set. Of this variety  
guests are always  
short of a fork or  
best dishes go unapp-  
ed of the pinch of salt  
or mustard which  
crave, but fact will  
variety, too, is the  
not long ago gave  
ner. The maid  
the day before,  
mended as "a first  
respect" the mis-  
triss. The  
quite smoothly to the  
last, with an inward sigh  
it was over, the hostess said to  
girl.  
"Fill the finger bowls, Sarah."  
"What'll I fill 'um with, ma'am,  
asked the competent maid.  
Of course the hostess was unmercifully  
chastised by her delighted guests.  
The art of writing a letter is even less  
understood than the art of setting a table.  
Between the boorish method of ac-  
cepting an invitation by means of a pos-  
tal card and the dainty, perfumed note  
concealed in the most graceful forms there  
is a wide distance, and much of it is a  
howling wilderness. The more technique,  
as it were, of letter writing is little  
known or else is grossly neglected. A  
certain young woman whom the writer  
knows failed to secure a desirable ap-  
pointment as teacher in a Fifth avenue  
boarding school simply because she  
wrote her application with such disre-  
gard of the rules of correspondence.  
The principal had been much propo-  
sed in the young woman's favor and  
had suggested that she write a formal  
application. She did so. It ran like this  
at the beginning:  
MY DEAR DR.—Am very anxious, etc.  
"That's enough," said the principal,  
folding the letter. "Any one who is too  
careless or too busy to write the proper  
prounouns in such a communication is too  
careless or too busy to teach my pupils."  
Miss Calloway, who has taught letter  
writing at Chautauqua this year, has not  
yet attempted to teach the proper form,  
but has tried to instill some ideas as to  
matter into her pupils' heads. The cor-  
respondence she has seen is so bad that  
she has been successful.—New York Sun.  
**Putting Away Summer Clothing.**  
It is an accepted fact among women,  
founded upon good reason, that when  
one's belongings are valuable and costly  
the services of a maid are not a luxury,  
but a necessity. The really an economy.  
Delicate fabrics need great care in han-  
dling and preserving, and fine boots,  
shoes, gloves and handkerchiefs are not  
to be tossed about carelessly and not  
preserve their freshness. But without a  
maid and with a comparatively simple  
wardrobe a maid of care even will be  
found a great protection.  
In putting away summer wash dresses  
they must be rough dried, then folded  
and packed in a box or trunk by them-  
selves. It is an excellent idea to go over  
each one and take the few mending  
stitches that are sure to be needed.  
Challoes, crepons and summer silks  
should be carefully shaken and brushed,  
spots sponged, bows of ribbon taken off  
and unmade if possible, or the dust care-  
fully wiped off with a bit of silk dipped  
in weak ammonia water and packed  
away in separate boxes. The same rule  
applies where lace trim the dresses.  
If these are washable, they should be  
washed, otherwise shaken and brushed  
around a bottle or wooden roll.  
It is a good plan to let the dresses hang  
wrong side out in the air all of a sunny  
morning—if you live in a hotel to hang  
in a hot room the same length of time is  
a good substitute. Ruffled robes,  
shields and bent bones should be taken  
from the hangers and shaken and brushed  
the waist linings should be brushed down,  
every seam, with cologne and water.  
Feathers and flowers should be taken  
from the hats and bonnets, wrapped  
carefully and separately in tissue paper  
and consigned to boxes where they will  
not be crushed. The flowers should have  
each leaf pulled out, and if breathed on  
before using again will be found as fresh  
as ever. Parasols ought to be rolled, but  
have a loose slip cover put on after they  
are carefully wiped, or if gauze skirted  
and then stood in some safe place and  
occasionally opened to alter the folds.  
—Pittsburgh Dispatch.  
**Woman's Endurance.**  
Herbert Spencer said recently of a  
woman who had died early in life, after  
the production of some remarkable es-  
says on "Induction" and "Deduction,"  
that "mental powers so highly developed  
in a woman are abnormal, and involve a  
physiological cost that the feminine or-  
ganization cannot bear without injury  
more or less profound." To which Mrs.  
Elizabeth Cady Stanton replies that Dar-  
win was an invalid all his days, and that  
Mr. Spencer's own health is not all that  
could be desired or his physical being as  
rugged as it would have been if he had  
devoted his life to simple care and toil.  
Mrs. Stanton mentions among women  
writers that have lived healthy lives and  
died at a good old age, after doing much  
thinking and a good deal of hard work,  
Caroline Herschel, Maria Mitchell,  
George Eliot, George Sand, Harriet Mar-  
tineau and Frances Power Cobbe, and  
she concludes her argument with, "I  
doubt whether as many women die ab-  
normally from writing essays on 'Induc-  
tion' and 'Deduction' as from overexer-

**Work of Wealthy Louisville Women.**  
A large number of Louisville working  
girls have been befriended by wealthy  
women in a way that they are not likely  
to forget. Miss Lucy Norton recently  
sent a Fourth avenue shop girl to Chi-  
cago and several points of interest in  
the northwest, paying every cent of the  
expense. When Miss Norton proposed  
to the young woman that she take the  
trip, she said she could not think of ac-  
cepting such a generous offer. Miss  
Norton said if she did not go some one  
else would, so her offer was gladly ac-  
cepted. A rich woman who lives in the  
southern part of the city recently took  
three shop girls to Chicago, paying all  
their expenses. It is also said that Miss  
Norton is paying the expenses of a Loui-  
ville boy who is attending one of the  
large eastern colleges.—Exchange.  
**Jewish Women in Synagogues.**  
Some of the leading Jewish women of  
England have asked to be elected on the  
council of the synagogues, in the hope  
that some day a woman will be elected  
warrior. "It will be seen," a Jewish  
writer, "how unfair it is to separate us  
from our fathers and brothers and send  
—if we have any—and put us up in a  
gallery (I always call it a hen coop),  
just as if we were permitted to go to a  
synagogue as a favor, and it did not  
matter if we never came. This does  
seem absurd, especially to those who, like  
myself, have to keep slight the lamp of  
Judaism in our homes and prepare the  
wick of the oil for the religious illumina-  
tion of the minds of our children."  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.  
**The Lorgnette's Rival.**  
The lorgnette seems to have given  
place this season to the Louis Quinze  
eyeglasses, which is a sort of compromise  
of the two extremes of lorgnette and  
prince nez. This is worn attached to a  
cord, or, if one likes things a little  
showy, to a slender chain of gold or sil-  
ver matching the dainty trifle. To many  
persons the lorgnette—the long handled  
shell affair which is thrust in the cor-  
ners of our noses and through which we  
observe and transfer its victim with a  
level stare—is an intolerable importu-  
nity. There is an air about it certainly,  
but it is not a good air, except when  
it is in the hands of the most well bred  
and refined women.—New York Sun.  
**A Pretty Bad Picture.**  
For vulgarity, for boldness, for folly,  
ignorance, want of principle, petty weak-  
ness, intrigue and positive vice, you must  
go to the average society woman. Her  
one motive is self seeking. She is a bad  
wife, a bad mother and a false friend.  
For intellect she has a fair supply of  
showiness and cunning. For religion, a  
rotten conglomerate of emotional super-  
stitions that do not improve her conduct;  
for virtue, the hope of not being found  
out, while for charity, good feeling, mod-  
esty and every womanly attribute she  
substitutes tact—the tact to respond out-  
wardly to what she sees is required of  
her by different people.—Sarah Grand in  
Humanitarian.  
**A Habit That Paid Mrs. Clarke.**  
To a woman belongs the honor of this  
year carrying off the prize of 100 guineas  
which Mrs. Hannah Aston left for "the  
best work illustration of the wisdom and  
benevolence of the Almighty in any de-  
partment of science." Miss Clarke, the

**Chicago, August.**  
The collection of the  
women in the future, as well as through-  
out its catalogue soon to be issued a com-  
plete bibliography of women's writings  
up to the present time.  
**A Field For Women Who Want to Wed.**  
Women who want to marry should  
turn their eyes toward Johannesburg in  
South Africa. There are at least ten  
men to one woman there. Every mod-  
erately attractive woman marries inside  
of a few months after landing. It is im-  
possible to keep servants or feminine  
employees of any sort. Typewriters,  
nurses, cooks, maids, gardeners, all melt  
quickly away below the warmth of South  
African wooing.—Exchange.  
**Miss Braddon's Novels.**  
The assertion recently made in an En-  
glish periodical that Miss Braddon had  
realized \$300,000 from her novels was  
generally regarded as preposterous, but  
Henry Labouchere says in London Truth  
that he "is inclined to think that they  
have brought in a good deal more than  
the sum stated." The continuous sale of  
Miss Braddon's novels is almost unprece-  
dented in the records of British pub-  
lishers.  
**Women and Ceramic Art.**  
Women lead the progress of ceramic  
art in America. The Rockwood ware of  
Mrs. Storey of Cincinnati and the gold  
china of Miss Healy of Washington are  
the most distinctive novelties in our por-  
tuguese exhibit at Chicago. It is said that  
Miss Healy's process is the cause of  
much argument and envy by European  
porcelain makers.—Chicago Letter.  
**American Women in Demand.**  
The Russian fancy for English and  
French ways has been superseded by  
liking for things American. American  
women are sought as nurses and govern-  
esses, the favorite theaters bring out  
American pieces, while in St. Petersburg  
one of the most successful modistes is a  
New York woman of the name of Smith.  
—Philadelphia Ledger.  
**She Was Bound to Be In Time.**  
A gray haired lady called at the town  
clerk's office yesterday and wanted to  
register so that she can vote for mem-  
bers of the board of education. As Town  
Clerk Tracy had not received a book in  
which to record the names, he advised  
her to wait awhile. The election is a  
year and a half in the distance.—Bridge-  
port Union.  
**To draw linen threads for hemstitch-**  
ing, take a laith brush and soap and  
lather well the part where the threads  
are to be drawn. Let the linen dry, and  
the thread will come out easily, even in  
the finest linen.  
**Cora A. Stewart, a Vassar girl,** has  
taken one of the three special fellow-  
ships offered by the Chicago university.

**and color.**  
mixed colors. These are the  
rage in Paris for decorating rooms and  
for gifts among friends. Nothing is  
prettier than one of these flat baskets  
filled with a bed of forget-me-nots, which  
have been brought into vogue by their  
color, and tied with a big bow of green.  
There are also deep baskets standing  
some 3 feet or more high, in which are  
arranged huge bouquets made of long  
branches of lilacs, roses, violet hued rho-  
dodendrons or even a growing plant or  
azalea. These high baskets are without  
handles, of flat, plaited rushes stained in  
green and brown tones and have great  
satin bows on them. They set on the  
floor or on a corner pedestal and are  
charming, with a simplicity that yet  
saves itself from affectation.—House  
Furnishing Review.  
**A Girl With Changeable Eyes.**  
Said an observant young man yester-  
day: "Among the many attractive girls  
of Bowling Green is one who would  
make a fortune for the proprietor of a  
dime museum. Her popularity among  
the young men is by no means dependent  
upon the peculiarity of her physical  
makeup, but it certainly adds to her at-  
tractiveness. The color of her eyes  
changes like the chameleon with the  
hue of objects which surround her. I  
made this discovery last week while rid-  
ing with the young lady from Bowling  
Green to Lebanon. She explained that  
when she wore a blue dress her eyes be-  
came blue, a brown dress turned them  
into a hazel hue, and when she dons red  
she might be taken for an Albinos. Her  
eyes often turn green, but not with envy,  
and it is said that her best fellow some-  
times wears a yellow costume, then  
imagines that she is jealous at his atten-  
tion to some one else. Though this is  
said to be true, it would not do to give  
names, lest enterprising managers worry  
her trying to make a contract."  
**The Debutante's Rough Road.**  
There is one cause for dissatisfaction  
among the unmarried belles of Newport.  
It is that the married belles are allegor-  
ical or too much in evidence. The possi-  
bility of a debutante is exceedingly trying.  
It requires a great deal of money to suc-  
cessfully evolve from a timid, blushing  
society lady into the full blown, nodding  
center piece that is an introduction attrac-  
tion. It would seem as though any kind-  
ly disposed ones would give them a  
chance, and remembering their own hard  
fought trials be only too glad to disre-  
spect the field of conquest. On the  
contrary, the unsophisticated toddlers of  
society must constantly trim their rust  
tied, and standing side by side with a  
married belle first (some prefer to put  
it) they must trust to luck that this  
gentle light may prove a respite change  
to the electric light dazzlers of the fu-  
ture of society.—Newport Letter.

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